

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

65p

THE DAREDEVILS™

NOV.
No 11

**CAN THE
SPECIAL
EXECUTIVE
KILL THE
FURY?**



VIEWS • COMIC STRIPS • NEWS • FEATURES • VIEWS

• COMIC STRIPS • NEWS • FEATURES •

NOT JUST ANOTHER DOCTOR WHO SUMMER SPECIAL

**MORE A COMIC
STRIP EVENT**

**FORTY
PAGES OF
ILLUSTRATED
ADVENTURE
PLUS BONUS
COLOUR
PIN-UPS**



Editor
Bernie Jaye

Design
Floron Florenzo
Bernie Jaye

Distribution:
Comag



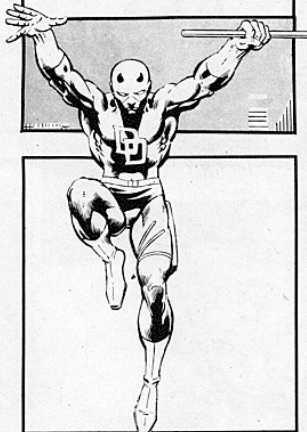
THE DAREDEVILS

What you're holding here is the last issue of **The Daredevils**! Don't panic! **The Daredevils** is not disappearing, so much as merging with **The Mighty World of Marvel**.

The editorial direction will be the same and the mag will have the addition of colour! For a fuller rundown see the letters page.

Further news is that I will be disappearing from **Mighty Marvel**. This will be my last editorial, so without getting too slushy I'd like to wish you all the best for the future,

Look after yourselves,
love,
Bernie



CAPTAIN BRITAIN P4

LETTERS P16

NEWS FEATURE P18

FANZINE REVIEWS P20

NIGHT RAVEN
TEXT STORY P23

COLOUR POSTER P28

DAREDEVIL P31

COMIC MART P53

COVER:

Illustration: Alan Davis

Design and Colour: Floron Florenzo

IT'S BLACK.

AND IT'S
COMFORTABLE.



WHERE
IS HE?

HE HAD BEEN TALKING
TO THE WOMAN, LINDA
MCQUILLAN, CAPTAIN
U.K. ...



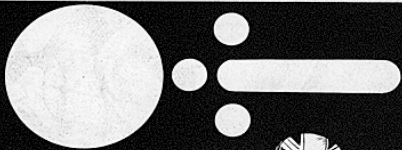
SHE HAD WALKED AWAY FROM HIM,
WHITE COAT VANISHING OVER THE
DARK LAWN OF BRADDOCK MANOR...

AND THEN
A SCREAM.



HE'D GONE TO INVESTIGATE,
NATURALLY. THE THING HAD
BEEN STANDING ASTRIDE HER.
IT KNOCKED HIM DOWN. HE
GOT UP AGAIN. IT TURNED TO
FACE HIM. HE SAW WHAT IT
WAS...

THE SHRILL, HOPELESS SCREAM
OF AN ANIMAL, PARALYSED WITH
TERROR...



NO!
NOT
AGAIN!!

IT'S
DEAD!!

CAPTAIN BRITAIN

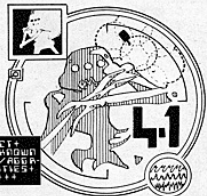


CO-CREATORS
ALAN MOORE
AND
ALAN DAVIS
LETTERER
S. CRADDOCK
EDITOR
BERNIE JAYE





CLASS+INSECT+
SPACES+DOWN+
DEFENSIVE/AGG-
RESSIVE ABILITIES+
REGLIGIBLE+++



PULSANCE+++
DISTRACTION+

A HORMONE IS
SECRETED. A
WIRE PULSES.



AND SOMEWHERE COB-
WEB'S EYES ROLL BACK
IN HER SKULL AS A TAR-
BLACK SHRIEK OF
DESPAIR TEARS ITSELF
OUT OF HER LUNGS...

FEMALE+HIGH-ENERGY
FIELD+ABILITIES-UN-
KNOWN+THREAT POTEN-
TIAL-UNKNOWN++



IT BEGINS TO
RAISE ITS
WEAPON-FIST...



CLASHES+DEFENSE
SPICES+MOVING
FORSEVERAL MINUTES
RESEMBLES++

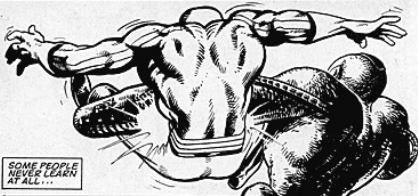
THUNDER+
STRAPE++

... SLOWLY...



AND SO IT
SHUTS ITS
BRAIN DOWN...







IT TRIES FOR
AN INFRA-RED
INDICATION.



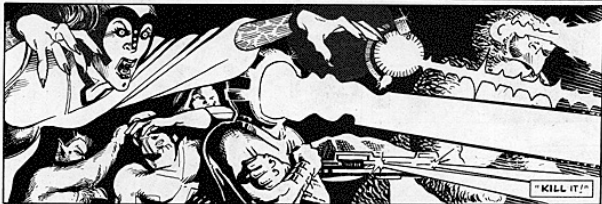
IT TRIES TO PICK UP
UP BRAIN WAVES.



FRANTICALLY, IT
SEARCHES FOR
THE MOST BASIC
MOLECULAR
ACTIVITY.



ABSOLUTELY
NOTHING.







NOTHING.





Dear Bernie,

Big Al, (The soft, sentimental one from Corby, as opposed to the cynical, ruthless one from Beaumont, eg. myself) was originally going to write this tear-drenched document. However, as everyone knows, he is a semi-literate and unintelligible mute who can only communicate in pictures so he handed the job over to me.

The only problem is that writing a letter like this is not the most easy thing in the world, even for an established literary giant like what I am. How do I begin? How do I accurately convey how much we're going to miss you without giving the impression that you've just died of some unknown wasting disease? More importantly, how do I tell the readers just what it is that they're losing here? I mean, many of them still seem to be under the impression that you're a man!

I suppose that's something I can straighten out right away: Bernie is a woman. She is also one of the most flawless and dedicated editors that it's ever been my pleasure to slave under. I owe her a lot, Alan Davis owes her a lot and all you tiny tots out there in comicland owe her a lot, too. Without Bernie, there wouldn't have been a *Daredevils* and it's extremely doubtful that there would be a *Captain Britain*, at least in its present form.

You see, things like *The Daredevils* don't happen just like that. Even ordinary comics don't happen just like that, and *The Daredevils* is a little bit more than an ordinary comic. The trouble is, they look as if they do. People have only realised fairly recently that there are actually people writing and drawing and lettering this stuff, and as a result people in the industry are starting to get lots of acclaim and fame and all the rest of that stuff. Editors are different.

As an example, people might see an article by me or an illustration by Alan and, if they like it, they think, "Yeah! Alan Moore and Alan Davis, they're pretty good." But they don't think about who commissioned the article, or who suggested it's content. And if they read something that they think is daring or controversial then, once again, all the praise is heaped at the door of whoever wrote or drew it. But it isn't us who are taking the risks. We're freelancers, and we are not the spot at which the buck comes to rest. That's Bernie's department.

Bernie has stuck her neck out more times than I can remember.

She's gone along with the most crazed-looking schemes that me and Alan have come up with and although I'm sure there were moments when she must have broken out into a cold sweat over what sort of hellish pandemonium we were going to bring down on her head this time, she went through with it anyway because, in the popular proletarian parlance, she's got a lot of bottle.

She's opened up things a hell of a lot, and things are likely to be a lot less timid and reserved in this medium from now on because of her efforts. She's proved that this sort of stuff can be done, and done properly.

I could carry on this list of laurels until it reached an embarrassing and unprintable length.

I could mention her insane offer to pay for some original work out of her own pocket when it didn't look as if the budget was going to stretch far enough. I could reel out slush and sentiment until we were all up to our noses in it and I still wouldn't have explained exactly why everybody out there reading this should be down on their knees facing Kentish Town and rending their garments in twin with bereavement.

Bernie, you're a real diamond and we're all going to miss you like hell. Take care of yourself and have fun.

Yours unable to think of a single joke to close with,
Alan Moore

Somewhere in
Northampton

Dear Bernie,

Another great issue of *The Daredevils*! I don't know how you do it. (That's obvious. If I did know, I'd be doing it, too.)

Waiting for the *End of the World* is probably the best *Captain Britain* episode so far. I mean, it's got everything! Crisis dialogue (as opposed to soggy dialogue, perhaps?), pacing, character interactions, a plot that is positively fearful and gorgeous Alan Davis art. Wait a minute! It hasn't got everything. Alan didn't play "Face in the Crowd" this month. Unfair! I say again, unfair!

Actually, Page 11 almost made up for the lack of "face in the crowd" that panel showing certain super-folk in perogatory was so impressive, I'm liable to start gushing all over again, so I'll change the subject.

Pete Scott, who won 1st place



PAGE 11 OF DD'S NO.10

in the favourite writers poll in *Worlds Collide* (deservedly, I must add) showed, with *Night Raven* and the *Pulp Tradition* just how good he is with words. If anyone can rival Alan Moore in command of the English language, *Pete* is the one.

If I might make a suggestion, would it be possible to do a 20-page *Captain Britain* chapter once in a while, perhaps to wrap up a storyline? 11 Pages is better than what *CB* had in his last incarnation, but, gee, this is so good I'm getting greedy for more. I only occasionally, of course, I don't want the text pieces replaced. Far from it. But bear it in mind, okay? Or better yet, put it to a vote.

I'll sign off with the time-honoured words "Keep up the good work". Corny, maybe, but it's heartfelt.

Bye,
Dale Coo

41 Whitecross Road,
Warrington,
Cheshire,
WAS ILR.

Dear Bernie, Alan and Mike and Mark,

The tears ran down my legs. Honestly, I haven't laughed as loud as that at a comic satire for quite a while. Can we have more of *Daredevil* please? You can call the next one "Revenge/Return of the Jacuzzi". And make sure there's hundreds more giant black men in it.

Thanks

Eddie Maddock

18 Crane Park Rd,
Twickenham,
TW2 6DF

Dear Marvel,

One thing you should've put in the *Readers Survey* was: "Which comics do you buy regularly?" because people are really starting to notice the gulf between your monthlies and weeklies, in terms of content, presentation and just the juvenile tone of letters, Bulletins, etc. in the weeklies.

Mark Ellinson mentioned it in *Mutant Mail*, and I agree: the difference in editorial "feel" between, say, *THOR* and *THE DAREDEVILS* is BIG. You're tailoring the comics to suit two different audiences.

The DD's is superb, a really excellent value magazine and the best thing Marvel's ever done, but that's no reason to let the weeklies slide into an under-12's oblivion.

Yours sincerely,
Carl Graham

29 Towerview Hill,
Bangor BT19 2BD,
County Down,
Northern Ireland

The weeklies have been intended for a younger reader for quite a few years now.

Although the comic strip can be appreciated by any age group it is the lower cost of the weekly (in comparison to the monthlies) which has determined its target audience.

Dear Marvel,

I would just like to take this opportunity to thank all concerned with the signed poster offer.

I received mine with a very broad grin on my face and my glee was reinforced by the thank you note from Ms B. Jayer.

Thanks to everyone for the poster. Pip, Pip!

Yours sincerely
James Robson,

8 Shebster Ct,
Thurso,
Caithness,
KW14 7ES.

A pleasure!

Apologies for omitting to credit Jerry Paris for his poster and Frank Ploegh for his knockabout Comics feature, both in *The Daredevils* No. 9.

DAREDEVILS

**DAREDEVILS, MARVEL
COMICS, 205-211,
KENTISH TOWN
ROAD,
N.W.5.**

Dear Bernie,

I've come to a conclusion. You're not going to let us in on the results of *The Daredevils Readership survey*. A great pity, as I was looking forward to lots of sordid revelations concerning the private lives of my fellow fans.

Obviously your motive in gleaming the information was to make some easy money by selling it to mail order companies. Very cunning, Jaye.

I never used to get unsolicited mail from the WH Smith Cheaply Printed Book of the Month Club or win family saloons in Readers Digest competitions. I know nothing about. Oh well, shouldn't condemn the enterprising.

Have a good month yourself

Martin Gray

11 Gregson Terrace,
New Seaham,
Co. Durham,
SR7 0HS

I know it's been a long time but you will see the results of the survey, albeit in *The Mighty World of Marvel*, but you will see it.

Dear Bernie Jaye,

The Daredevils no 8 was excellent in every way except one, too much *Daredevil*. Now I say that as a *Daredevil* fan, surprising as it may be. The stories are great, the artwork is superb, the tales only lack two things: First, colour. After seeing the new colour British Marvels I think all American originated Marvel material would benefit from the

use of colour and second, a magazine of his own, complete with spot illustrations by talented British Marvel artists, and beg, beg full colour covers by Dave Weir. (Yes, you can take it that I liked his centrespread this issue).

This idea of a colour *Daredevil* magazine would also give collectors who missed out on, and cannot now afford the rare Miller issues, the opportunity to complete their collections inexpensively. I would certainly buy such a magazine myself.

Onto the issue proper now. Could we please have more Alan Moore satire. *Dourdevil: Grit* was "beeyootiful". Let us see more of Mike Collins and Mark Farmer as well, or at least their work. Each time I look at the strip I see a visual joke I missed last time, the Micky Mouse ears for instance.

Best wishes for the future,
Dave Roberts.

82 County Road,
Gedling,
Nottingham,
NG4 4JL

PEN PAL

Greetings True Believers,

If anyone between the ages of 13 and 15, who likes, *X-Men*, *Daredevils*, *Silver Surfer*, or collecting comics in general, SF/Fantasy Movies and SF/Horror books, and who wants a penpal, is out there, I'm your man.

Excelsior,

James Mackay, RFO KOF
16 Fulwood Avenue,
Knightswood,
Glasgow G13 4AB

ABOUT THE MERGER!

The new merge issue will contain *Captain Britain*, all the regular features and part three of the *Wolverine* mini-series as continued from *The Mighty World of Marvel*.

There will be no poster but many of the pages will be in full and two colour.

Captain Britain will remain in black and white and I imagine the Feature pages will become a bit more experimental with the added potential of colour.

Things are still uncertain concerning who will be taking over the new issue but all fingers point at the moment to a new staff member, *Chris Gill*. *Floran Florenzo* will still be with the mag as will all the regular contributors.

Daredevils is unhouse at the moment (sob! sob!) but will hopefully make a come back as soon as possible. The same applies to *The X-Men* previously in *The Mighty World of Marvel*!

We've got a fantastic competition planned for the merge with a brilliant prize – a page of Alan Davis artwork!!

All being well we will have the results of the readers survey too!

Bernie



NEWS FEATURE

The major growth market for comic sales in the past few years has been the specialist comic shop. Ten years ago they were thin on the ground; now nearly every large American and British town hosts at least one such shop or dealer.

The consequent arrival of comic publishers who only supply their titles to these shops was a logical progression, since it did away with the haphazard news-stand distribution system, enabling the publisher to sell his entire print run, and circumventing the necessity of having their product scrutinized by the Comic Code Authority.

However, the lack of restrictions governing the content of the independent titles has led to some concern about the possible recurrence of the hysteria and outcry which took place over comics in the early 1950's.

There have been requests by dealers for the implementation of a rating system for comics similar to that applied to films. The first independent company to accede to these demands is *Pacific Comics*. The following comes from their editorial director, David Scroggy: "We feel an obligation to present material for fans who have been reading comics for many years, who are in fact adult, and who are tired of the punch-ups that are the norm in comics. At the same time we appreciate the concern of retailers who want a clear method of separating the more mature fare from the comics purchased by children or young teens. Therefore we have decided to make a simple recommendation when the contents of our comics could be viewed as excessively sexual or violent."

The line "Recommended for the

mature reader" appears on the cover of *Twisted Tales 4, Pacific's* very well received horror title. No other independent company has announced similar plans so far.

One independent company that will have no such problems are *WarP Graphics*, *WarP* standing for Wendy and Richard Pini, producers of the imaginative and entertaining black and white *Elfquest* magazine.

The past five years have seen fifteen issues appear, along with two colour volumes collecting the early issues, and the prospect of an animated adaption on the horizon.

The continued story is expected to run for a further five issues, concluding sometime late in 1984. At that time *Marvel Comics*

will launch a regular size colour title adapting the complete saga.

Meanwhile April 1984 is the cover date on the *Marvel* colour comics as they rise to an American price of 75-cents. That means they'll be costing at least 30p from your local WH Smith. DC comics are also rising to 75 cents, but with their issues cover dated December, not November, as previously announced.

Steve Gerber's court proceedings with *Marvel* over the ownership of the Howard the Duck character have come to an end. Gerber was claiming that he owned the



by Frank Plowright

character he created while working for Marvel under a contract that stipulated all new characters were to become the property of the company.

An out of court agreement that was satisfactory to both sides was reached, but the settlement has a proviso requiring both parties to remain silent over the exact terms of the agreement. The outcome is that Steve Gerber will be writing more stories about Howard the Duck, and they will be published by Marvel Comics, although no format has yet been chosen.



Gerber will also be writing a series for Epic Comics, to be drawn by Val Mayerik and titled *Void Indigo*. It concerns an alien whose spacecraft crash lands in

present day USA, where he discovers that he is a reincarnated human. Weird for anyone else, typical for Gerber.



Items of interest occurring in the regular Marvel Comics include an old plot re-surfacing in the *X-Men*. Following an outbreak of anti-mutant hysteria they'll have to leave their headquarters and relocate, probably to Europe, returning home just in time for the 1984 presidential elections.

Three further issues of *Marvel Universe* have been added to the series, two dealing with the now deceased or inoperative Marvel characters and one concerning the weaponry employed by Marvel heroes and villains.

The *Fantastic Four* will be requiring a temporary replacement

for the now pregnant *Invisible Girl*, and the *Impossible Man* has been suggested as a strong possibility.

A three part story in *Doctor Strange* will concern *Clea* leading a revolt in *Dormammu's* realm, and it could be that *Doctor Doom* will be dropping in after that.

Ron finally reveals his presence and intentions on Earth to the general public in *Ron 51*, and some favourite old villains of mine, the *Circus of Crime*, returns in *Hulk 292*. That's cover-dated December, the same month as they appear in a classic *Spider-Man* reprint in *Marvel Tales 160*. Don't miss it.



Look out for more news features in *The Mighty World of Marvel!*



LEFT AND ABOVE: EXAMPLES OF WENDY AND RICHARD PINI'S *ELFQUEST* PUBLISHED BY THEIR OWN COMPANY WARP GRAPHICS.

FANZINE REVIEW

BLAST NO 2

(Available from Blast, c/o 7 Wine Tavern Street, Smithfield, Belfast, BT1 1JQ, Northern Ireland for 44p plus postage.)

UGLY UGLY UGLY UGLY!!
I was going to let this review stand with just those four words, but then I realised that some of you might not realise that the review was meant as a rave, so perhaps I ought to clarify things. **Blast** is an anarchist comic-zine produced by a bunch of slaving Bakuninists operating in or around the above address and trading under the collective name of *The Decadent Anarchoid* (Motto: Liberation Through Imagination).

These people are obviously dangerous and they must never be permitted to seize the reins of global power, lest they should take away all your hover mowers and Barry Manilow records and Gloria Vanderbilt Jeans and do something **TRULY HORRIBLE** to them. All this aside, they turn out a pretty good comic.

As hinted at on the opening line, **Blast** is ugly. There again, so was King Kong, but I bet you still had a little weep when he fell off of the Empire State building.

The thing about **Blast**'s ugliness is that it emphasises rather than obscures the energy and commitment that has gone into this package. There's a lot of naked anger and unease and artistic humour here and artistic pretentious wouldn't do these various sentiments justice.

My favourite piece in the magazine is a one-pager by my great friend and personal hero, **Mr Savage Pencil**, who I was once privileged enough to share a page with when we were both cartooning for *Sounds*.

Sav is one of the best humour cartoonists in the country at present, and each increasingly rare page of new work from him is something to be dribbled over. Look out for his epic *Savage Pencil Goes To Hell* coming up in future editions of **Blast**.

As for the rest of the contents, there are contributions from *Lightning*, *Macanory*, *Mave Dorris* and *Scatty Wag*, which I'm afraid I will not even attempt to describe, if only because words like 'expressive' and 'powerful' and 'raw' tend to get upon one's box if over-used.

Of the bunch, the contribution by *Mave Dorris* is probably the most 'accomplished', but what the others lack in poise they certainly make up for in passion.

I'm afraid that I must once again point out, tediously, that

the stuff in here is meant for the older reader. If your mother or infant sister came across a copy of this mistaking it for *Playhour* they would almost certainly go blind and drop dead instantly. Of course, if that's what you want...

by Alan Moore

MYRA 1 40p; MYRA 2 35p; MYRA 3 45p; IS THIS ROMANCE? 45p
From Myra Hancock 7 Vale Grove London N4

Take some trends. You know the sort. They look as if they're in transit through some hypothetical zone between the art-college coffee bar and the *Smash Hits* pop photo, stopping off on the way to appear as extras in a Channel 4 youth programme.

Remove them from their teen widgeon, and what's left is the everyday world and give them ordinary things to do. This is the

premise upon which *Myra Hancock*'s comics are based.

There aren't many *Nathans* in *Myra*. None as far as I can remember. The people with the posh or outlandish names are mainly those with personal problems. Their only entry into the world of teenage fashion is liable to be as the 'before' picture in an improve-your-looks ad. Lettice, for example, is extremely fat and can't resist food. 'Potatohead's' head looks, well, like a potato.

You have to look good, you understand, and such transgressions as Lettice's and Potatohead's are treated with little mercy.

No prizes, therefore, for guessing that, in *Myra*, there is none of the scathing critique or insight that we might look for in a *Sour Cream*. But neither is there any of the bombastic schlock of a *Young Romance*.

Any hint of sentiment, like the gooney girl who clambers all over her boyfriend in public, is severely crushed by Miss March,

she's nice
isn't she?



Sharon and Maureen from *Is This Romance* by Myra Hancock.

RADICAL ILLUSTRATION — By Steve Jones

There have been quite a few queries about the reference Steve Jones made to 'radical illustration' in the *DOG* magazine review (see *DD* No 7). For the record, here is an explanation.

Radical Illustration is the name of a new attitude towards illustration first taken up by students in the Illustration Department at the Royal College of Art during the mid to late seventies.

The main feature of this attitude — and probably its most radical component — was the idea that an illustrator has autonomy over the kind of image that he or she wants to produce. Usually the illustrator is entirely subject to the client's wishes.

Coupled with this move towards a more personal illustration was a break with photorealism, a kind of painting much in vogue during the early seventies, which involved the production of pictures with all the detail and smooth surface texture of a photograph. It usually involved the precise copying of photos!

Also rejected were the forms of pictorial social stereotyping which the commercial art and design field, particularly advertising, demanded. The Radical Illustrators saw these as shackles on an illustrator's mind and means.

Instead they took inspiration

from the more turbulent and critical moments of modernism, chief amongst which was German Expressionism, whose hallmarks were distortion, fragmentation and the communication of violent or overstressed emotion.

The result was a conscious challenge to the traditional boundaries dividing illustration from Fine Art.

Predictably, conservative elements on both sides of the fence have continued to complain because such work does not fit the usual categories.

However *Radical Illustration* has found favour amongst young illustrators especially in connection with rock music under the influence of punk and post-punk styles.

It is difficult to single out the work of one artist to typify *Radical Illustration*. Suffice it to say that *Sue Roe*, *Liz Pyle*, *Carolyn Gowdy*, *Russell Mills*, *Ian Pollock*, *George Snow* and chief spokesperson for the group appear in this country since the mid-seventies.

Illustrators 38 is devoted entirely to the work of the *Radical Illustrators*, presenting their case, detailing their influences and reproducing their illustrations though, sadly, only in black and white. It is available from: *The Association of Illustrators*, 1 Colville Place, London, W1.



NEWS

agony aunt.

Romance, too, is firmly rebuffed by Sharon and Maureen, the two cynical females, who only admit to feelings of rivalry and lust.

In *Myra and Is This Romance?*, then, the soporific world of teenage fantasy is punctured but only slightly, by *Myra's* mild humour and light, hand-coloured drawings. In fact the fantasy gains strength through proximity to the reality it is supposed to legitimise.

Good Looks are a lot easier to attain than True Love. Homespun philosophy from home-made comics.

Please note that only *Myra 1* and *2* are hand coloured all the way through. Each comic has hand coloured covers and comprises twelve A5 pages, except for *Myra 2* which is eight pages long. You pay your money and you take your choice.

* British Womens Liberation Comic.

by Steve Jones



Above: Illustration of 'The Image of Childhood' by Carolyn Gowdy featured in *Illustrators* magazine No.38.

COLLECTING COMICS

This feature is the first part in an introduction to collecting American comics. Don't forget that it will be continued in The Mighty World of Marvel not The Daredevils.

DEFINITIONS

The following are terms that you'll need to know in order to readily understand the basics of comic collecting..

BACK ISSUE: An issue of any comic book previous to the latest one. This can refer to last month's issue, or an issue published many years ago.

SILVER AGE: This period began in 1956 when THE FLASH appeared in DC's SHOWCASE No.4, bringing in the new wave of super heroes. Marvel, however had the greatest impact on the future of comics when a few years later they published the first SPIDER-MAN story in AMAZING FANTASY No. 15. The Silver Age runs into the late 1960s.

GOLDEN AGE: A period of time in the history of comics running from around 1935 (when comics began being published) until 1949. All comics published within this time are called Golden Age comics.

ORIGINAL ARTWORK: This is the actual artwork that the comic companies reproduce photographically and print as comic books. There is no color on the original art, as that is later added by a separate process.

COMICS CONVENTION: A gathering of fans, collectors, professional comic artists and writers and comic book dealers, to enjoy, discuss and sell comics. Conventions are usually held in hotels, and also feature movies, original art displays, etc.

FANZINE: A magazine devoted to any facet of the comic arts published by someone other than a comics publishing company. Fanzines can sometimes be cheaply produced and amateurish in appearance, or often very professional looking and even better than

magazines found at newsstands. Fanzines are usually found at comic shops or purchased through the mail.

COMICS CODE AUTHORITY: An organization that most publishers of color comic books must show all their material to before publishing. The Code judges whether or not the material is within the guidelines set by the Code to ensure it is suitable to be read by younger (and presumably impressionable) readers.

The following is a guideline for the beginning collector. As you become more familiar with this hobby, it will become second nature to you to describe the condition (grade) of each book you encounter.

MINT: Perfect condition, complete, like new, still with original print lustre.

FINE: Slight signs of wear, but still with cover gloss — no tears or obvious defects.

GOOD: Complete with cover attached and some signs of soiling and wear in particular.

FAIR: Complete but some tears in covers and some pieces of covers missing; soiling of pages, rolled spine.

POOR: Uncollectable, incomplete, badly worn, large pieces missing from cover, water damaged.

It is important that the beginning collector know the issue number of his/her favourite title, i.e. 4th, 5th, etc. So, here with other valuable information is...

THE COMIC BOOK COVER

NUMBER AND MONTH OF ISSUES. All comics start with a No. 1 issue and a month (Jan, Feb, etc). The number and month advance

with each successive issue. Example: STAR WARS No. 52, Oct. STAR WARS No. 53, Nov. It is important that you do not miss an issue or you will not have a complete collection of the title you are collecting.

TITLE OR MAIN CHARACTER in book. (Note: some books rotate features therefore it is important to be able to distinguish the main title from the sub-title. Example: MARVEL PREMIERE, featuring ALICE COOPER. The name of the book is MARVEL PREMIERE not ALICE COOPER. Main titles are usually in smaller print above the sub-title (larger print).

BAG 'EM AND BOX 'EM!

At most comic shops, collectors can buy plastic bags that have been designed specifically to hold individual comic books. These bags are available in several different sizes and in several different gauges of plastic. The 3 mil (millimeter) size is the best. The bags will prevent comics from being soiled by dirt, bugs, moisture, etc.

It is important to store your comics **upright**. No matter how you do it. Storing them flat tends to bend them at the spine. Since the spine is the most important part of your comic, it should be kept as free from defects as possible.

I have all my bagged comics and magazines stored upright in a large wooden cabinet with many shelves. The comics are arranged within the cabinet by company and title. I'm not saying you should go out and buy or build yourself a cabinet, as this can be very costly. Mine just happened to be in my house and I was able to make use of it. Bookcases also make fine storage space for comics.

If you don't have a bookcase handy, you should store your collection in boxes. However, most cardboard boxes, such as the ones usually found at supermarkets, are not cut to the dimensions of comics. As a result, they will not hold comics snugly. Comics should be

stored upright in boxes made to hold them. Keeping them in too large a box will cause sagging and shorten the life of your magazines.

If you're going to collect comics for investment, it is wise to read the comic once and put it away. If you want to look at it more than once, buy a second copy. The more you handle a copy, the more soiled and less valuable it will become. Stains, dirt, tears and holes will all detract from the value of a book.

The ideal way for the average collector to store comics is in 3 mil bags, upright, in a dark cool place. (Sunlight will ruin comics no matter what you do.) And be sure you have every comic in a bag!

For the collector who is very concerned about maintaining the good condition of his/her comics, there are special bags (mylar) and acid free cardboard boxes available which will further prevent comics from yellowing and deteriorating.



Some examples of comics worth far more than their original price.



Night Raven

Story by Jamie Delano
Illustrations by Alan Davis

QUIET TOWN – episode one

Night time in the city. In the vast neon theatre of shouts and sirens, tears and terror, all the city's grubby plays were playing to their indifferent audiences. This was night time on New York's Lower East Side, late summer, nineteen eighty three.

In an attic room, somewhere above the turmoil, was a man watching television. It was an old television, big and squat and heavy, made of plastic and chrome. The dim black and white picture was the only source of illumination for the almost empty room.

The man was seated on a decrepit, fraying wicker chair. His face invisible, shadowed by a black and battered slouch hat, he was motionless except for the fingers of his left hand which writhed strangely in the TV's cathode glow, picking obsessively at the splintered arm of the chair.

From the TV screen the suave face of a news-reader stared blandly at this desolate tableau as he glibly catalogued the doings of the day.

"The Fifth Avenue bar siege ended tonight in bloodshed as police stormed Bertie's Basement Boozery. Twenty four hours of negotiation failed to persuade the lone gunman to surrender. The gunman and two hostages were killed during an exchange of fire with the Assault Squad and four other hostages were hospitalized suffering with CS gas burns and shock ...

"The Dog-Slayer of Central Park struck again today despite police warnings to pet owners not to walk their animals in the park, following the series of savage razor attacks on pedigree pets that have occurred in the past month.

Today's attack, the ninth, came as Mrs Harriet Greenbaum was walking her poodle, 'Samantha', on the outskirts of the park. The attacker is described as being in his early thirties and caucasian. As he approaches his intended victim he is said to don a magician's style top hat emblazoned with the legend 'The Slasher'. Detective John McClusky warned that the man was dangerous and probably sick ..."

"And finally tonight, film from Alabama of a rally held by the right wing group 'Swords Of The New Dawn'. The rally took place in Shanghai, a small, typically 'Southern' town near Montgomery.

In recent years this offshoot of the notorious Ku Klux Klan have been very active in local and state politics, leading to wide ranging speculation as to the nature and extent of their financial backing ..."



The man was seated on a decrepit, fraying wicker chair. His face invisible.

Across the screen a procession of hooded figures in white, knee-length robes filed into a small sports stadium. It was dark and there were attendants, also hooded, to either side of the arc-lit entrance tunnel. On the back of the last figure a close-up showed a black sword adorned with a Stars and Stripes hilt embroidered onto the material of the robe.

Inside, the film revealed, the seats of the stadium were filled by an assorted audience. There were family groups; women in print dresses with children

and soda-pop, husbands with cans of beer. There were parties of raucous youths in sleeveless tee shirts showing tattooed biceps, with more cans of beer. There were also the sweating, hard-faced men, sitting alone, clutching bottles in paper bags.

"The rally was addressed by Martin Rheinhardt, Imperial Wizard of Swords Of The New Dawn, who is also editor of the local newspaper."

The news reader's voice continued in the background as the camera angle

changed to show the speakers rostrum, floodlit, but at present empty.

The robbed and hooded figures had entered the clear ground between the audience and the rostrum and, facing outwards from the stage, formed six ranks. The nearer five of these divided, but the sixth, immediately in front of the rostrum, remained unbroken. Suddenly, at some unseen signal, they all produced and ignited, one from another, torches, which flamed dramatically casting sparks and lurid dancing shadows around the field.

With a violent hiss the man, who, until now had remained still except for the continuing piecemeal destruction of his chair, leaped forward across the room. With an abrupt froglike motion, his tattered coat billowing briefly behind him, he came to rest, squatting, his face close to the TV screen. The reflected torchlight flickered on the cracked and yellowed mask that obscured his features.

And then the cracked and sibilant voice...

"SSShe daresss . . . the bitch . . . SSShe tauntss me."

For the symbol formed by those ranks of blazing torches watched steadily onto the brain of Night Raven by years of agony. He had last encountered it in conjunction with a double sided gift from a beautiful woman. The gift was permanent screaming agony coupled with immortality to provide the time to learn to endure.

Hexagram twenty-three, Falling Apart. "SSShe thinkss I cannot harm her . . . SSShe goads me to revenge and one day I ssshall have it."

It was a voice that could cut glass. "SSShe will ssuffer."

He broke off suddenly, punctuating the cold hatred with a vicious sweep of his right arm which effortlessly lifted the heavy television from its stand and sent it smashing into the wall, exploding in a shower of incandescence. The only sound in the dark room then was Night Raven's slow throaty breathing as he harnessed the thoughts which raged like white noise, cold and deadly, through his mind.

It was a quiet night in Shanghai: It was always quiet in Shanghai. Sheriff Rab Collins kept it that way. Rab Collins was known as a mean man. 'Meaner'n a hungry 'gator with gumboils and a dead dinner'

Right then he was resting his sweating two-hundred pound body in the rocking chair on the porch of Asa Coolidge's hotel. Asa, a tall dry stringy man, leant in the open doorway. Propped against the wooden railings of the veranda was a five shot, pump action, automatic shotgun, all five cartridges loaded with buckshot.

Shanghai was a quiet town.

"Don't hold with no handgun for law enforcement Asa. If I'm gonna shoot a man he's gonna be dead."

He reached out and ran a fat finger, the size and shape of a frankfurter, lightly down the barrel.

"This gun'll do that job best."

Heat lightning flashed across the purple night sky, the air was still and heavy. In the distance a train whistle sounded, long and lonely. Asa lifted his wrist, looking at his watch.

"Zippers through early tonight Rab. That old freight train surely do fly. All the way from New York."

He paused, sucking at a tooth.

"You ever bin to New York Rab?"

"Nope, never have. An' I don't reckon I ever will. Nossir I don't reckon I ever will."

From inside the hotel came the sound of raised voices and then laughter and rattling glasses. The sheriff indicated the open door with a slight tilt of his watermelon head.

"Who you got in tonight anyway Asa? Sounds like quite a crowd."

"Aw, that's just some of the boys in from Mountclair's farm . . . They've all bin drinkin' it up a bit an' seen' on TV about that niga congressman, 'Abraham Lincoln Brown, that's comin' down here to Alabama to talk about equality an' rights an' stuff. Got em all fired up an' talkin' all kinda Klan talk . . . Hangin' an' burnin' and such-like history stuff. There won't be any trouble though Rab, they're jest good ole boys drinkin' it up a bit."

The sheriff nodded slowly. His Adams apple winked from the folds of fat around his neck.

"Shoot I know there won't be any trouble Asa. Jest so long as they know it too. Any uppity niga needs sortin'. I'll do it. Likewise any white trash 'thinks he can go messin' up the streets is gonna find me standin' on his face. This here's a quiet town an' I like it jest fine. They can keep all that speechin' Klansman stuff for their stadium meetin'."

More lightning flashed, then a low rumble of distant thunder, and the hot heavy air squeezed a little tighter.

"Hell sheriff, they know that, they're jest a little wild: Only thing I hope is they don't disturb the upstairs poker game. I got Beau Montclair, Ambrose Fisher, Bob Linnaker an' Martin Rheinhardt up there, an' those gentlemen pay me real nice . . . Which reminds me, if you'll excuse me Rab, I'd best go tend to business."

He turned, rubbing his bony hands together and ambled into the hotel. Leaving the sheriff alone on the porch, rocking gently and thinking. Thinking about poker. Thinking about money. Thinking about why three wealthy 'Southern Gentlemen', old time confed-



Night Raven



The sheriff's huge hand gripped the stumble-bum's upper arm, lifting him to tip toe.



Night Raven

erates, would want to be playing poker with the owner of a crummy smalltown newspaper. Martin Rheinhardt was a man way out of their league. Except that he happened to be Imperial Wizard of Swords Of The New Dawn.

However, before he could come, as he undoubtedly would have soon enough, to a conscious decision to stop thinking about matters best ignored by small town sheriffs in the deep south, he was interrupted by shouts from down the street.

"Hey sheriff. You gotta come quick. It's Hank an' Joe Bob, some hobo beat up on 'em real bad . . . down at the railyard . . ."

Hobbling up the street was the bent and twisted figure of Sonny Day, Shanghai's tame drunk and derelict; arms waving like windmills in excitement. With surprising agility for such a seeming sloth the sheriff had left his chair and was off of the porch in seconds, his huge hand gripping the stumble-bum's upper arm, lifting him to tip toe.

"What you talkin' about," he growled. "I ain't in no mood for none of your foolishness, 'rubberlegs'."

"Aw sheriff, you're hurtin' ma arm. I ain't foolin', nossir, I seen it done. Great big fella done it, a hobo, come offa the zipper . . . I seen it."

The sheriff slackened his grip and Sonny slumped, wiping the spittle from his sparse beard with the back of his hand.

"What was you down in the railyard for anyways? And jest what did you see? You better not lie to me or your ass is crowbat boy."

Sonny shuffled a bit and looked shifflily around.

"Sure ain't no need to take on so sheriff. I ain't done nothin'. I was jest restin' up . . . down in the tall weeds along back of the yardmen's hut . . . jest by the bend where they sling the mail bundle offn the zipper . . . Well, I heard the whistle blow an' looked an' seen that train comin' up the line . . . an' remembered how I useta ride her thirty years ago, 'fore the rheumatic got in ma hands from all that hangin' on the rods . . . an' how we useta hide out in the weeds, dodgin' them railroad bulls jest waitin' to give you a crack from a night stick an' . . ."

He broke off abruptly as the sheriff's tree trunk arm licked out and cuffed his ear.

"Cut out all the bull and tell the story. Precachin' for Sundays."

"Sure sheriff. Well sir, like I was sayin'. The zipper's comin' up the grade there an' Joe Bob comes outa the hut to grab the mailbag when they drop it. While Hank, he's stayed inside lookin' at the nekkid women books . . . Well the mailbag comes out an' hooks up in the

catcher an' ole Joe Bob he goes to unhook it when behind him . . . Strangest damn thang . . . This hobo steps right offa the train. I mean that's the zipper, gola' forty miles per hour, an' he jest steps right off it. Jest does a funny little hop and a jump an' he's standin' there, right behind Joe Bob."

Next thing, he ups an' cold corks Joe Bob who goes down like a hanged man. Straiways he's into the hut . . . Hank's callin' out after Joe Bob . . . An' there's a big clatterin' an' a real bad soundin' thump. Then the stranger come back out an' drag Joe Bob into the hut. That's when I run to get you sheriff. I was scart. That hobo weren't no normal man, he was weird."

Sheriff Rab Collins was not certain what to expect as he walked the last twenty yards of cinder track which led to the yardmen's hut. The old dim floodlight which normally illuminated the small yard was extinguished and the generator silent. However a large but hazy summer moon cast a pale monochrome glow.

He was certain though that something was amiss. Powerfully under the influence of 'white lightning' Sonny may have been but it was obvious that he had had a bad fright. Sheriff Collins knew well enough when a man was afraid, he had scared plenty. Something had happened alright. Maybe he should have taken along a deputy, but he had a mean mood on and wanted to exercise it. It was better not to have witnesses.

He called out.

"Hank . . . Joe Bob . . . You boys in there?"

Silence the only reply, something was definitely wrong. Carefully he eased off the shotgun's safety catch and gently, walking as softly as an elephant and keeping to the side of the path, he moved forward towards the door, a dark square on the darker side of the hut. He was secure in the knowledge that the gun in his hand could cut a man nearly in half with one shot and he had five.

He was almost at the door when heat lightning again flickered palely. Revealing in the doorway a tall ragged form. Frozen for the merest instant by some peculiarity of the figure's stance, the sheriff was fast; but not fast enough. He fired two shots in rapid succession but saw in the muzzle flash of the second that he was firing into empty space.

The echoes of the roaring detonations had hardly died away when something like solid tumbleweed crossed the path, to disappear into the weeds. He fired again, knowing that once more he was too slow. For a long moment everything was still. A sudden cool breeze dried the sweat on his forehead. Thunder rumbled ominously. He was confused, panicked.

Split seconds before it happened Collins knew that he was about to be hit. Two inches above and to the rear of his ear he scalp tingled in anticipation. In the corner of his left eye, a sudden blur. Then, blackness exploded.

The first thing the sheriff was aware of as, nearly an hour after hitting the ground like a heart shot buffalo, he slowly regained consciousness, was a blinding pain inside his head. The second, on opening his eyes and fighting back the accompanying waves of nausea, was the awesome figure coming towards him across the hut.

The hobo loomed tall and sinister against the bizarre background of a wall full of pin-up pictures. He was dressed in a ragged and filthy trenchcoat and a battered hat which looked as if it had been on his head since the nineteen thirties. His gloved left hand held a heavy calibre revolver which appeared to be loosely aimed in the direction of the sheriff's knee.

Sheriff Collins blinked to clear his blurred vision against the murky light cast by a smoky oil-lamp and tried to get a look at the man's face. At first he was puzzled, then realised with a sudden chill that it was concealed by a strange and disconcerting mask. The man's very presence filled the sheriff with such a sense of mounting dread that all thought of action was banished from his mind.

The hobo came to within a few feet of where the sheriff lay and, placing his revolver on the edge of the table, picked up Rab Collins' treasured shotgun and slowly twisted it in his gloved hands. Deliberately and remorselessly reducing it to scrap. The sheriff trembled in terror and disbelief as Night Raven spoke:

"And ssso fatman, you will tell me everything . . . All that you know, and all that you guess."

The terrible voice cut the meanness from the cowering sheriff like boiled meat from the bone. He was scared, more scared than he could ever have believed possible. He felt as if his world was falling apart.

For a long time the sheriff talked. He talked about men with money enough to buy and sell towns, and their sheriffs with them. The cold, deadly men who were behind the melodramatic public facades of organisations like Swords Of The New Dawn. He talked about the men whose friendship meant security and whose enmity brought ruin, or worse. Despite his fear of their power he gave names, he gave details, he made educated guesses. He feared the hobo more.

He gave Night Raven the next direction in his hunt for revenge.

Shanghai would not be a quiet town for long.

STEVEN SPIELBERG, THE MAN WHO BROUGHT YOU

JAWS



CLOSE ENCOUNTERS



RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK



E.T.



YOU'VE SEEN THE FILMS NOW READ THE BOOK

THE STEVEN SPIELBERG STORY

Fascinating, anecdotal and informative, Tony Crawley has written the biography of the world's most successful film director.

Lavishly illustrated, this lively portrait of the legendary creator of movie myths will delight the millions who have already been enthralled by Spielberg's spectacular films.

PRICE: £5.00 (pp)

Send a cheque/PO made payable to ZOMBA BOOKS to:
Zomba Books, c/o Marvel Comics, 23-24 Redan Place,
Queensway, London W2 4SA

To: Zomba Books, c/o Marvel Comics, 23-24 Redan Place, Queensway,
London W2 4SA

Name

Address

Please send me a copy of The Steven Spielberg Story

I enclose a cheque/PO for £5.00

Name BLOCK

Address CAPITALS

Please fill out both coupons Please allow 28 days for delivery.

THE STEVEN SPIELBERG STORY





OFFICIAL ANNIVERSARY VOLUME

By arrangement with the British Broadcasting Corporation.

Available
from this magazine
£4.95 + 95p p&p



By
Mark Harris

Introduction by John Nathan-Turner.

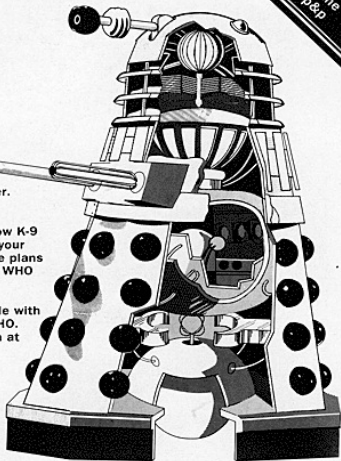
Revealed for the first time – the secrets of the series. Marvel at how K-9 works. Look inside a Dalek. Build your own model TARDIS. Accurate scale plans and drawings of how the DOCTOR WHO gadgetry actually works!

- * Published 31st March to coincide with 20th Anniversary of DOCTOR WHO.
- * BBC's DOCTOR WHO celebration at Longleat on 3rd and 4th April.

- * 64pp plus 4 pages of full colour. Line illustrations throughout. A4 Hardback.



ISBN 0 7278 2034 6



TO: Severn House Publishers, c/o Marvel Comics Ltd, Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road, London NW5.

Please send me copy/copies of THE DOCTOR WHO TECHNICAL MANUAL,
price £4.95 each plus 95p postage and packing.

I enclose cheque/postal order for £ MADE PAYABLE TO SEVERN HOUSE PUBLISHERS.

Name

Address

Offer applies UK only.



DAREDEVIL®



ON THIS ABANDONED STRETCH OF THE WEST SIDE ELEVATED HIGHWAY, HEALTH CONSCIOUS NEW YORKERS ENJOY AN UNOBSTRUCTED FORTY-FIVE BLOCK RUN.

FROM TIME TO TIME THEY ARE JOINED BY ONE OF THE CITY'S MOST FAMOUS NATIVE SONS...



AT THE HIGHEST POINT OF THE SPAN, HE LEAPS WILDLY, RECKLESSLY INTO SPACE.

FOR ANOTHER, THE SPRAWLING CITY BELOW WOULD PROMISE CERTAIN DEATH.

BUT HE HAS NO VIEW TO TROUBLE HIM. HE'S BLIND.

WITH PRACTICED EASE, HE UNSHEATHS THE HOOK-AND-CABLE SECTION OF HIS BILLY CLUB.

HE TAPS A HIDDEN STUD ON THE SHAFT, FIRING A THIRTY FOOT LENGTH OF NYLON CORD.

KIDAK

AS ALWAYS, HIS AIM IS INFALLIBLE. THE CABLE WRAPS TIGHTLY AROUND A BILLBOARD'S IRON SUPPORT BEAM--

THAPP

-- AND ONCE AGAIN, HE IS AIRBORNE.

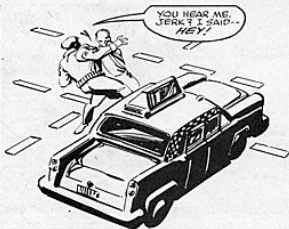
I CAN'T MATCH THAT ACT, HORNHEAD!

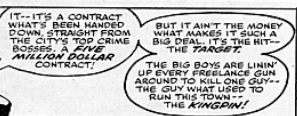
YOU'RE DOING FINE, POP!

SHOWY ONE, THAT BOY. LIABLE TO HURT HIMSELF WITH A CRAZY STUNT LIKE THAT.

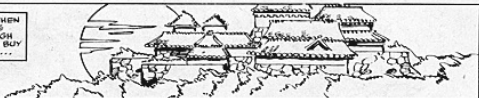
STILL, HE MAKES AN OLD GUY LIKE MYSELF FEEL A WHOLE LOT SAFER. CITY CAN BE A ROUGH PLACE.







"...HE'S IN JAPAN. WHEN HE SKIPPED OUT, THE KINSHIP TOOK ENOUGH MONEY WITH HIM TO BUY HIMSELF A MANSION...



"...AND ENOUGH MEN AND GUNS TO TURN THAT MANSION INTO A FORTRESS. AIN'T NO WAY NOBODY'S GONNA GET TO HIM THERE.

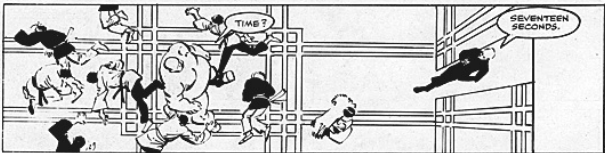


"SO THE CRIME BOSSSES THEY WANNA DRAW HIM BACK TO NEW YORK, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW, AND I DON'T KNOW WHY."

YOU HAVE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS.

ATTACK.







MR. HARRISON INTENDS TO OFFER NOT ONLY TO CLEAR MY NAME, BUT TO GIVE ME SEVEN MILLION DOLLARS IN CASH.

AND ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PLAY INFORMER...STOOL PIGEON...BETRAY MY FORMER LIEUTENANTS...



THOSE MEN ARE CRIMINALS. HUSBAND, YOU ARE NOT.

OF COURSE, VANESSA. I... FORGET MYSELF.

WE WILL NEED LEGAL REPRESENTATION IN THESE NEGOTIATIONS. I AM FLYING TO NEW YORK IMMEDIATELY TO ACQUIRE THE SERVICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK.



NO! NEW YORK IS DANGEROUS FOR US, VANESSA. YOU MUST NOT BE JEOPARDIZED.

"YOU MUST NOT BE JEOPARDIZED." NUTS. THAT BROAD HAS GOT THE BOSS WRAPPED AROUND HER LITTLE FINGER.

BUT ME, I REMEMBER BACK WHEN NOBODY TOLD THE KINSPIN. WHAT FOR.



YEAH... I REMEMBER WHEN...



DAY TURNS TO NIGHT IN TOKYO...

...WHILE TWELVE TIME ZONES TO THE WEST, IN NEW YORK, NIGHT TURNS INTO DAY.



AND DAREDEVIL, MAN WITHOUT FEAR, BECOMES ANTI-MURDOCK, BLIND ATTORNEY.

7:30 A.M. -- A LITTLE EARLY TO START WORK, EVEN FOR ME.

...BUT THE DEPOSITION ON THE MELVIN POTTER CASE WON'T PREPARE ITSELF.

I'VE FALLEN A BIT BEHIND ON MY PAPERWORK LATELY. THIS'LL BE A GOOD CHANCE TO --

EH? THAT SNORING...



IT'S FOGGY!

HE MUST HAVE WORKED LATE, AND FALLEN ASLEEP AT HIS DESK. BUT WE'VE BEEN PARTNERS FOR YEARS --



--AND FOGGY HAS NEVER WORKED LATE!

YAWN

HUH? WHAT? OH... HI, BUDDY...

GOLLY I MUST'VE DOZED OFF...



FOGGY-- IS SOMETHING WRONG?

WRONG? YOU'RE KIDDING? NOT WITH THIS COOKIE!

MY SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARS DETECTED A SLIGHT JUMP IN HIS HEARTBEAT. HE'S LYING.

ANYTHING YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT, FOG?



BREAKFAST, PAL! I WANNA TALK ABOUT BREAKFAST!

THERE'S A DING DOWN THE STREET THAT I'VE BEEN JUST DYING TO --

WHA?



SKREK!

NOBODY MOVE!



JOCKO! HYAME! CHECK OUT THE BACK ROOMS!

FOR AN INSTANT, EVERYTHING SEEMS TO FREEZE. SHARDS OF PLASTER AND GLASS HANG SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR. A DOZEN MINDS REEL, TOO STUNNED TO REACT.

IN THAT INSTANT...

MACHINE GUN FIRE! LUCKY NO ONE WAS KILLED!

NOW TO MAKE SURE NO ONE IS.

OUTSIDE...

HEH HEH... THAT OUGHTTA SHAKE THEM UP A BIT.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, BRUNO. YOU'VE STILL GOT THE OLD ZIP!

NOW FOR THE FUN PART. WHILE THEY'RE STILL CONFUSED, I'LL SWITCH 'HANDS' AND FLUSH THEM OUT!

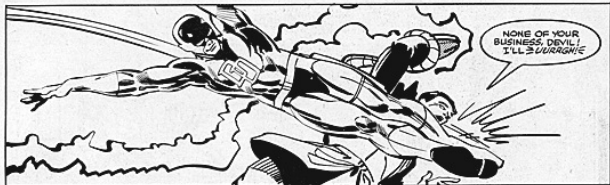
I GOTTA ADMIT, THIS FLAME-THROWER ATTACHMENT IS A STROKE OF GENIUS.

SHOULD BE EASY AS FALLING OFF A...

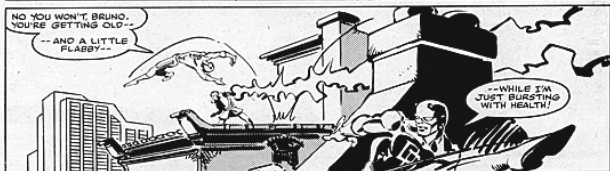
DAREDEVIL!

I THOUGHT FOUR YEARS IN DANNEMORA HAD TAUGHT YOU THE ERROR OF YOUR WAYS, BRUNO.

WHAT HAPPENED?



NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, DEVIL! I'LL *3*UURRRGHIE



NO YOU WON'T, BRUNO. YOU'RE GETTING OLD--

--AND A LITTLE FLABBY--

--WHILE I'M JUST BURSTING WITH HEALTH!

I CAN STILL *3*UURRRGHIE



UH-OH, HE'S STUMBLING BACKWARD OFF THE ROOF!

NO PROBLEM, THOUGH...



GOT YOU! NOW JUST RELAX, BRUNO... I'LL REEL YOU IN...

F-FALLING! N-NOOO!

HIS HEARTBEAT --RACING! HE'S TERRIFIED!

OH NO! HE'S REACHING FOR THE CABLE! THE FLAME-THROWER! HE DOESN'T REALIZE...



BRUNO! DOWN!



HE DIDN'T REALIZE HE WAS BURNING THROUGH HIS LIFELINE.

NO HEARTBEAT. HE'S DEAD.

WAS IT WORTH IT, BRUNO? WHATEVER THEY OFFERED YOU, NOW CAN IT PAY FOR THIS?

THE CRIMELORDS MUST BE DESPERATE, IF THEY'D PULL IN A RETIRED KILLER LIKE BRUNO, THEY MUST BE SNAPPING UP EVERY...WAIT A MINUTE...
OH, NO...



I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE STOREFRONT, CHECK MY DATEBOOK.

UNLESS I'M WRONG, A CERTAIN ASSASSIN IS BEING RELEASED FROM JAIL TODAY...



AN ASSASSIN THE CRIMELORDS WOULD WANT... MY SINGLE MOST DANGEROUS ENEMY...

THE MAN CALLED BULLSEYE!



GRIMLY, IMPATIENTLY, HE SNAPS TOGETHER THE TWO SECTIONS OF HIS BILLY CLUB.

TWICE HE TAPS A HIDDEN STUD...



...AND THE UPPER SECTION OF THE SHAFT CURVES TO FORM THE HANDLE OF A BLIND MAN'S CANE.

SECONDS LATER...

FOGGY? IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT NOW?

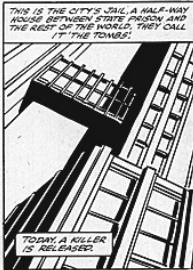
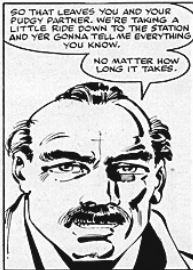
WELL, WELL, WELL... IF IT AIN'T THE STAR OF OUR SHOW. WHERE YOU BEEN, MURDOCK?



MANOIS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M DOING HERE, SWINER? I'M A POLICE LIEUTENANT--

--AND THERE'S BEEN A KIDNAPPING!



THE SKY-
SCRAPER
STANDS
PROUDLY,
FIFTY
STORIES
OF STONE
AND GLASS
BATHED
IN THE
GLOW OF
A SETTING
SUN.

BUT ITS UPPERMOST OFFICE
IS A DARK PLACE...

NOT BAD.
NOT BAD AT ALL.
YOU MADE THIS
COSTUME
EXACTLY TO MY
SPECIFICATIONS.

WE TREAT OUR
EMPLOYEES WELL
BULLSEYE.

IS THERE
ANYTHING ELSE WE
MAY PROVIDE YOU?
FOOD? A DRINK,
PERHAPS?

NO. LET'S GET DOWN
TO BRASS TACKS.

YOU'VE KIDNAPPED THE KINGPIN'S
WIFE. YOU EXPECT THAT TO DRAW
HIM TO NEW YORK. YOU WANT ME
TO KILL HIM. YOU WANT TO PAY ME
FIVE MILLION DOLLARS. THAT'S
WHAT YOU WANT.

WHAT
I WANT--

--IS TEN
MILLION!

TEN MILLION!? MAYBE
YOU REALLY ARE STILL
CRAZY. OUR RESOURCES--

--ARE NEARLY
UNLIMITED. AND
WE HAVE NO TIME
TO GIBBLE. TEN
MILLION. THEN. BUT
DON'T TRY TO...

BULLSEYE,
I CAN'T LET
YOU DO
THIS.

I
WON'T.

EH?

BULLSEYE, JUST
A FEW WEEKS AGO
I SAVED YOUR LIFE.

I CAN'T HELP BUT
FEEL RESPONSIBLE
FOR WHAT YOU
DO WITH IT.

OH, WELL...



BUT I NEVER RUN OUT OF
WEAPONS, DEVIL!

I'LL USE THE WALLS, THE
FLOOR...AND IF THEY
DON'T DO THE JOB...

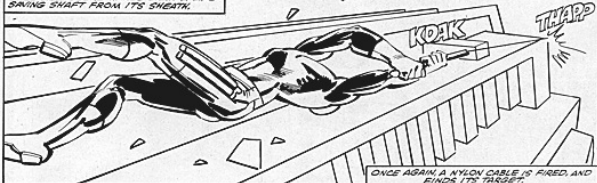


...I'LL USE
THE WHOLE
CITY TO
KILL YOU!

UH OH...



ONCE AGAIN, SURE HANDS DRAW A LIFE-SAVING SHAFT FROM ITS SHEATH.



BUT THIS TIME, THERE IS A COMPLICATION...

I WON'T LET YOU OFF THAT EASY.

HAPPY LANDINGS!

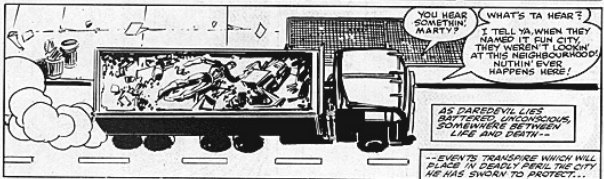
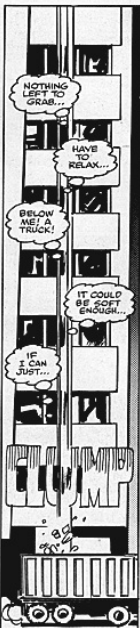
BLAMMM

CABLE'S USELESS... IT'S THIRTY STORIES STRAIGHT DOWN... I'VE HAD IT, UNLESS...

THE WIND, WHIPPING AROUND A FLAGPOLE. IF I CAN JUST...

NO! IT'S TOO FAR!... HAVE TO GRAB THE FLAG... HOPE IT'S STRONG ENOUGH TO...

...TO...



THEY START WITH
A RUMOUR ON THE
LOWER EAST SIDE.

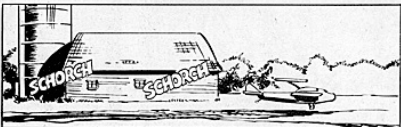
IT SPREADS QUICKLY,
WHISPERED BENEATH
LAMPPOSTS, MURMURED
OVER A HUNDRED GLASSES
OF BEER IN A DOZEN
BLEARY BARS, COUGHED
OUT BETWEEN LUNGFULS
OF CIGARETTE SMOKE IN
MUSTY POOL HALLS...

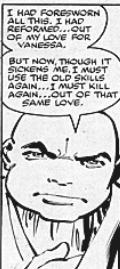
SOON, THE WORD IS OUT:
THE KINGPIN IS COMING.

IT ISN'T DIFFICULT TO
HUNT DOWN HIS LOCAL
OPERATORS--THERE
AREN'T MANY LEFT IN
THE HOURS BETWEEN
MIDNIGHT AND DAWN
THEY ARE THREATENED,
BEATEN, TORTURED...

...UNTIL SOMEONE
SOMEWHERE RINGS
LOUIE THE STRING
AS THE MAN THE
KINGPIN ENTRUSTED
TO SECURE FOR HIM
A NEW HIDEOUT.

LOUIE IS TOUGH, HE HOLDS
OUT FOR NEARLY THREE
HOURS, BEFORE HE DIES,
HE REVEALS THE PRECISE
TIME AND LOCATION OF
THE KINGPIN'S ARRIVAL...





FOR NEWS OF DAREDEVILS NEXT APPEARANCE IN BRITISH MARVEL COMICS WATCH THE EDITORIALS!

COMIC MART

COMIC MART

COMIC MART

COMIC MART

Name: Andy Fairclough
Address: 6 Potters Cross, Iwer, Bucks, SL0 0BS

Offering: (British Weeklies) MWOM 283, 285, 286, 315, 317-327, 330-335, 337, 340-352; Spider-Man 249, 259, 264, 266, 267, 296, 298-303, 305-309, 312-316, 318-345, 347-384, 395-398, 410; X-Men 130-150; Doctor Who Weekly 1-43; C.F.F. 15, 17, 22-24, 26; Rampage Weekly 1, 3, 9, 12, 14, 16-18, 20-23; Star Wars Weekly 5, 41-51, 53, 54, 56, 59, 60, 62, 64, 79, 82, 84, 86, 93, 94, 100, 101, 108, 111, 112, 115, 118-123, 134; Forces in Combat 5, 6, 21-30; Team Up 1-13, 17, 18; F. Tense 1-4; Valour 1-4; Hulk (1st series) 1-26, 28, 29, 31-51, 53-55, 57, 59-63; F.F. (new series) 16, 17, 19-22; (British Monthlies) Savage Action 1; Rampage 2, 5, 6, 7, 9-11, 21, 22, 29, 41; SS Conan 18, 64; MS Heroes 366, 393; Captain Britain Summer Special 1980

Wanted: (American Monthlies) Two-in-One 90, Spider-Woman 30-45; King Conan 5-9; Dazzler 5-10; Kar-Zar 15; Daredevil 130-150; Amazing Spider-Man 180-210; Captain America 240-250; Thor 300-310; Micronauts 45, 46; Ghost Rider 70-75; Moon Knight 20; Incredible Hulk 250-275; Avengers 170-220; Conan 126; X-Men 150-160; Rom 35-39; Power Man/Iron Fist 80-89; F.F. 220-250; Team Up 100-120; Iron Man 100-110, P Parker Special; Spider-Man 50-60; Defenders 75-90; Master of Kung Fu 101-105; Human Fly 1-3; Star Wars 2-7; Ms Marvel 3-5; Captain Marvel 8; Black Panther 4, 5; She-Hulk 1, 2, 3; Marvel Premiere 10-20; Nova 1-5; Sub-Mariner 10; Doctor Strange 42-50, Champions 1, 2



Name: Stephen A Martins
Address: 9 Ashley Park, St Andrews, Bristol

Offering: (British Weeklies) Planet of the Apes 2, 4-8, 10-15, 18, 23, 24, 29-31, 40, 41, 44, 47, 49-50, 60, 63, 70-83, 86-112, 114, 120, 122, 123; Conan 2, 3, 7; Captain Britain 2, 39; Titans 2, 16; Star Wars/Empire Strikes Back 2-10, 12-41, 43-57, 59-100, 102-109, 115-117, 120, 124-129, 133-138; Rampage 3, 9, 13-20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 711, 713, 715, 717, 719, 721, 723, 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999, 1001, 1003, 1005, 1007, 1009, 1011, 1013, 1015, 1017, 1019, 1021, 1023, 1025, 1027, 1029, 1031, 1033, 1035, 1037, 1039, 1041, 1043, 1045, 1047, 1049, 1051, 1053, 1055, 1057, 1059, 1061, 1063, 1065, 1067, 1069, 1071, 1073, 1075, 1077, 1079, 1081, 1083, 1085, 1087, 1089, 1091, 1093, 1095, 1097, 1099, 1101, 1103, 1105, 1107, 1109, 1111, 1113, 1115, 1117, 1119, 1121, 1123, 1125, 1127, 1129, 1131, 1133, 1135, 1137, 1139, 1141, 1143, 1145, 1147, 1149, 1151, 1153, 1155, 1157, 1159, 1161, 1163, 1165, 1167, 1169, 1171, 1173, 1175, 1177, 1179, 1181, 1183, 1185, 1187, 1189, 1191, 1193, 1195, 1197, 1199, 1201, 1203, 1205, 1207, 1209, 1211, 1213, 1215, 1217, 1219, 1221, 1223, 1225, 1227, 1229, 1231, 1233, 1235, 1237, 1239, 1241, 1243, 1245, 1247, 1249, 1251, 1253, 1255, 1257, 1259, 1261, 1263, 1265, 1267, 1269, 1271, 1273, 1275, 1277, 1279, 1281, 1283, 1285, 1287, 1289, 1291, 1293, 1295, 1297, 1299, 1301, 1303, 1305, 1307, 1309, 1311, 1313, 1315, 1317, 1319, 1321, 1323, 1325, 1327, 1329, 1331, 1333, 1335, 1337, 1339, 1341, 1343, 1345, 1347, 1349, 1351, 1353, 1355, 1357, 1359, 1361, 1363, 1365, 1367, 1369, 1371, 1373, 1375, 1377, 1379, 1381, 1383, 1385, 1387, 1389, 1391, 1393, 1395, 1397, 1399, 1401, 1403, 1405, 1407, 1409, 1411, 1413, 1415, 1417, 1419, 1421, 1423, 1425, 1427, 1429, 1431, 1433, 1435, 1437, 1439, 1441, 1443, 1445, 1447, 1449, 1451, 1453, 1455, 1457, 1459, 1461, 1463, 1465, 1467, 1469, 1471, 1473, 1475, 1477, 1479, 1481, 1483, 1485, 1487, 1489, 1491, 1493, 1495, 1497, 1499, 1501, 1503, 1505, 1507, 1509, 1511, 1513, 1515, 1517, 1519, 1521, 1523, 1525, 1527, 1529, 1531, 1533, 1535, 1537, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1545, 1547, 1549, 1551, 1553, 1555, 1557, 1559, 1561, 1563, 1565, 1567, 1569, 1571, 1573, 1575, 1577, 1579, 1581, 1583, 1585, 1587, 1589, 1591, 1593, 1595, 1597, 1599, 1601, 1603, 1605, 1607, 1609, 1611, 1613, 1615, 1617, 1619, 1621, 1623, 1625, 1627, 1629, 1631, 1633, 1635, 1637, 1639, 1641, 1643, 1645, 1647, 1649, 1651, 1653, 1655, 1657, 1659, 1661, 1663, 1665, 1667, 1669, 1671, 1673, 1675, 1677, 1679, 1681, 1683, 1685, 1687, 1689, 1691, 1693, 1695, 1697, 1699, 1701, 1703, 1705, 1707, 1709, 1711, 1713, 1715, 1717, 1719, 1721, 1723, 1725, 1727, 1729, 1731, 1733, 1735, 1737, 1739, 1741, 1743, 1745, 1747, 1749, 1751, 1753, 1755, 1757, 1759, 1761, 1763, 1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779, 1781, 1783, 1785, 1787, 1789, 1791, 1793, 1795, 1797, 1799, 1801, 1803, 1805, 1807, 1809, 1811, 1813, 1815, 1817, 1819, 1821, 1823, 1825, 1827, 1829, 1831, 1833, 1835, 1837, 1839, 1841, 1843, 1845, 1847, 1849, 1851, 1853, 1855, 1857, 1859, 1861, 1863, 1865, 1867, 1869, 1871, 1873, 1875, 1877, 1879, 1881, 1883, 1885, 1887, 1889, 1891, 1893, 1895, 1897, 1899, 1901, 1903, 1905, 1907, 1909, 1911, 1913, 1915, 1917, 1919, 1921, 1923, 1925, 1927, 1929, 1931, 1933, 1935, 1937, 1939, 1941, 1943, 1945, 1947, 1949, 1951, 1953, 1955, 1957, 1959, 1961, 1963, 1965, 1967, 1969, 1971, 1973, 1975, 1977, 1979, 1981, 1983, 1985, 1987, 1989, 1991, 1993, 1995, 1997, 1999, 2001, 2003, 2005, 2007, 2009, 2011, 2013, 2015, 2017, 2019, 2021, 2023, 2025, 2027, 2029, 2031, 2033, 2035, 2037, 2039, 2041, 2043, 2045, 2047, 2049, 2051, 2053, 2055, 2057, 2059, 2061, 2063, 2065, 2067, 2069, 2071, 2073, 2075, 2077, 2079, 2081, 2083, 2085, 2087, 2089, 2091, 2093, 2095, 2097, 2099, 2101, 2103, 2105, 2107, 2109, 2111, 2113, 2115, 2117, 2119, 2121, 2123, 2125, 2127, 2129, 2131, 2133, 2135, 2137, 2139, 2141, 2143, 2145, 2147, 2149, 2151, 2153, 2155, 2157, 2159, 2161, 2163, 2165, 2167, 2169, 2171, 2173, 2175, 2177, 2179, 2181, 2183, 2185, 2187, 2189, 2191, 2193, 2195, 2197, 2199, 2201, 2203, 2205, 2207, 2209, 2211, 2213, 2215, 2217, 2219, 2221, 2223, 2225, 2227, 2229, 2231, 2233, 2235, 2237, 2239, 2241, 2243, 2245, 2247, 2249, 2251, 2253, 2255, 2257, 2259, 2261, 2263, 2265, 2267, 2269, 2271, 2273, 2275, 2277, 2279, 2281, 2283, 2285, 2287, 2289, 2291, 2293, 2295, 2297, 2299, 2301, 2303, 2305, 2307, 2309, 2311, 2313, 2315, 2317, 2319, 2321, 2323, 2325, 2327, 2329, 2331, 2333, 2335, 2337, 2339, 2341, 2343, 2345, 2347, 2349, 2351, 2353, 2355, 2357, 2359, 2361, 2363, 2365, 2367, 2369, 2371, 2373, 2375, 2377, 2379, 2381, 2383, 2385, 2387, 2389, 2391, 2393, 2395, 2397, 2399, 2401, 2403, 2405, 2407, 2409, 2411, 2413, 2415, 2417, 2419, 2421, 2423, 2425, 2427, 2429, 2431, 2433, 2435, 2437, 2439, 2441, 2443, 2445, 2447, 2449, 2451, 2453, 2455, 2457, 2459, 2461, 2463, 2465, 2467, 2469, 2471, 2473, 2475, 2477, 2479, 2481, 2483, 2485, 2487, 2489, 2491, 2493, 2495, 2497, 2499, 2501, 2503, 2505, 2507, 2509, 2511, 2513, 2515, 2517, 2519, 2521, 2523, 2525, 2527, 2529, 2531, 2533, 2535, 2537, 2539, 2541, 2543, 2545, 2547, 2549, 2551, 2553, 2555, 2557, 2559, 2561, 2563, 2565, 2567, 2569, 2571, 2573, 2575, 2577, 2579, 2581, 2583, 2585, 2587, 2589, 2591, 2593, 2595, 2597, 2599, 2601, 2603, 2605, 2607, 2609, 2611, 2613, 2615, 2617, 2619, 2621, 2623, 2625, 2627, 2629, 2631, 2633, 2635, 2637, 2639, 2641, 2643, 2645, 2647, 2649, 2651, 2653, 2655, 2657, 2659, 2661, 2663, 2665, 2667, 2669, 2671, 2673, 2675, 2677, 2679, 2681, 2683, 2685, 2687, 2689, 2691, 2693, 2695, 2697, 2699, 2701, 2703, 2705, 2707, 2709, 2711, 2713, 2715, 2717, 2719, 2721, 2723, 2725, 2727, 2729, 2731, 2733, 2735, 2737, 2739, 2741, 2743, 2745, 2747, 2749, 2751, 2753, 2755, 2757, 2759, 2761, 2763, 2765, 2767, 2769, 2771, 2773, 2775, 2777, 2779, 2781, 2783, 2785, 2787, 2789, 2791, 2793, 2795, 2797, 2799, 2801, 2803, 2805, 2807, 2809, 2811, 2813, 2815, 2817, 2819, 2821, 2823, 2825, 2827, 2829, 2831, 2833, 2835, 2837, 2839, 2841, 2843, 2845, 2847, 2849, 2851, 2853, 2855, 2857, 2859, 2861, 2863, 2865, 2867, 2869, 2871, 2873, 2875, 2877, 2879, 2881, 2883, 2885, 2887, 2889, 2891, 2893, 2895, 2897, 2899, 2901, 2903, 2905, 2907, 2909, 2911, 2913, 2915, 2917, 2919, 2921, 2923, 2925, 2927, 2929, 2931, 2933, 2935, 2937, 2939, 2941, 2943, 2945, 2947, 2949, 2951, 2953, 2955, 2957, 2959, 2961, 2963, 2965, 2967, 2969, 2971, 2973, 2975, 2977, 2979, 2981, 2983, 2985, 2987, 2989, 2991, 2993, 2995, 2997, 2999, 3001, 3003, 3005, 3007, 3009, 3011, 3013, 3015, 3017, 3019, 3021, 3023, 3025, 3027, 3029, 3031, 3033, 3035, 3037, 3039, 3041, 3043, 3045, 3047, 3049, 3051, 3053, 3055, 3057, 3059, 3061, 3063, 3065, 3067, 3069, 3071, 3073, 3075, 3077, 3079, 3081, 3083, 3085, 3087, 3089, 3091, 3093, 3095, 3097, 3099, 3101, 3103, 3105, 3107, 3109, 3111, 3113, 3115, 3117, 3119, 3121, 3123, 3125, 3127, 3129, 3131, 3133, 3135, 3137, 3139, 3141, 3143, 3145, 3147, 3149, 3151, 3153, 3155, 3157, 3159, 3161, 3163, 3165, 3167, 3169, 3171, 3173, 3175, 3177, 3179, 3181, 3183, 3185, 3187, 3189, 3191, 3193, 3195, 3197, 3199, 3201, 3203, 3205, 3207, 3209, 3211, 3213, 3215, 3217, 3219, 3221, 3223, 3225, 3227, 3229, 3231, 3233, 3235, 3237, 3239, 3241, 3243, 3245, 3247, 3249, 3251, 3253, 3255, 3257, 3259, 3261, 3263, 3265, 3267, 3269, 3271, 3273, 3275, 3277, 3279, 3281, 3283, 3285, 3287, 3289, 3291, 3293, 3295, 3297, 3299, 3301, 3303, 3305, 3307, 3309, 3311, 3313, 3315, 3317, 3319, 3321, 3323, 3325, 3327, 3329, 3331, 3333, 3335, 3337, 3339, 3341, 3343, 3345, 3347, 3349, 3351, 3353, 3355, 3357, 3359, 3361, 3363, 3365, 3367, 3369, 3371, 3373, 3375, 3377, 3379, 3381, 3383, 3385, 3387, 3389, 3391, 3393, 3395, 3397, 3399, 3401, 3403, 3405, 3407, 3409, 3411, 3413, 3415, 3417, 3419, 3421, 3423, 3425, 3427, 3429, 3431, 3433, 3435, 3437, 3439, 3441, 3443, 3445, 3447, 3449, 3451, 3453, 3455, 3457, 3459, 3461, 3463, 3465, 3467, 3469, 3471, 3473, 3475, 3477, 3479, 3481, 3483, 3485, 3487, 3489, 3491, 3493, 3495, 3497, 3499, 3501, 3503, 3505, 3507, 3509, 3511, 3513, 3515, 3517, 3519, 3521, 3523, 3525, 3527, 3529, 3531, 3533, 3535, 3537, 3539, 3541, 3543, 3545, 3547, 3549, 3551, 3553, 3555, 3557, 3559, 3561, 3563, 3565, 3567, 3569, 3571, 3573, 3575, 3577, 3579, 3581, 3583, 3585, 3587, 3589, 3591, 3593, 3595, 3597, 3599, 3601, 3603, 3605, 3607, 3609, 3611, 3613, 3615, 3617, 3619, 3621, 3623, 3625, 3627, 3629, 3631, 3633, 3635, 3637, 3639, 3641, 3643, 3645, 3647, 3649, 3651, 3653, 3655, 3657, 3659, 3661, 3663, 3665, 3667, 3669, 3671, 3673, 3675, 3677, 3679, 3681, 3683, 3685, 3687, 3689, 3691, 3693, 3695, 3697, 3699, 3701, 3703, 3705, 3707, 3709, 3711, 3713, 3715, 3717, 3719, 3721, 3723, 3725, 3727, 3729, 3731, 3733, 3735, 3737, 3739, 3741, 3743, 3745, 3747, 3749, 3751, 3753, 3755, 3757, 3759, 3761, 3763, 3765, 3767, 3769, 3771, 3773, 3775, 3777, 3779, 3781, 3783, 3785, 3787, 3789, 3791, 3793, 3795, 3797, 3799, 3801, 3803, 3805, 3807, 3809, 3811, 3813, 3815, 3817, 3819, 3821, 3823, 3825, 3827, 3829, 3831, 3

MARVEL CLASSIFIEDS

Mail Order

Dr Who Fans

Send a First Class Stamp for my latest list of Dr Who Books, Animals, Comics, and Merchandise. Also subscription available for latest Paperbacks and Hardbacks. (I will buy Dr Who CDs as well!) Blakes 7 and 2000AD list also available.
JOHN FITTON, 1, Orchard Way, Hensall, Nr. Goole, North Humberside.

Dreamberry Wine

233 Main Road, Manchester M4
DREAMBERRY WINE: SF & Fantasy Mail Order. US Imports, Small presses, 100s of secondhand bargains. Send large sum for comprehensive lists. 233 Main Road, Manchester M4. (postal service only)

Comix & Books Unlimited (formerly the Comic Bookshop)
Comics (from 1939-Dec '83) SF, film & TV Fantasy. Monthly Sales & Advance Lists. Please send large SAE to:
2058 Mansfield Road, Nottingham NG1 3PS.
Tel: (0602) 411946.
Wholesale enquiries welcomed!

SKARO

A DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
Edited by Simon M Lyndard
Vol IV, No 1: Alan McKenzie interview, 13th Season Review, Alec Charles on the Brigadier, rare photos, The Doctor battles against 'The Angels of Connor'.
All this, and much more!
Only £1 including P&P from:
Duncan Hooper,
76 Puleveist Drive, Weston, Bath, Avon, BA1.
Please make cheques payable to 'SKARO'

Classified Rates

Min. Size 3cm s.c.
£40.00 per ad.

Phone for more details

POSTERS & PRINTS

Sci-fi, rock, pop, humorous pin-ups, scenic etc. Choose from our vast range available by mail order. Send just 60p for our full catalogue listing HUNDREDS of posters and prints (many illustrated in full colour).
Cauldron Promotions (Dept MV)
47 Lansder Rd. London N19 4JG.

FILM MAGIC

offers you
Fabulous Black & White and Colour photographs of your favourite film and TV stars. Thousands to choose from. PLUS Sci-Fi, Horror and TV Fantasy stills. Just send £1 for lists: **FILM MAGIC (s)**
18 Garmouth, Watford, Herts.

FUTURESHOCK IN SCOTLAND

200 Woodlands Rd, Glasgow, G3 6LN. Tel: 041 333 0784
Gets the full range of new US and British SF paperbacks, comics and media mags. Together with thousands of back issues and second-hand first plus board games, posters, portfolios, hardbacks, T-shirts etc. Send a second class stamp for catalogue.

MAIL ORDER

Hundreds of Horror Film Magazines and Fanzines for sale. Many rare items from the 50s, 60s & 70s Famous Monsters, Castle of Frankenstein, Cinefantastique, etc. Too many to list to state wants.
SAE to **John Wellbourn**, 61 Westgate, Grantham, Lincs.

GERRY ANDERSON MATERIAL POSTAL AUCTION

includes, toys, books, records, comics etc. on most of his shows.
For details send SAE to:
John J. Kay,
38 High Street, Pinner, Middlesex, HA5 5PS

Shops

Sheffield Space Centre
485 London Road, Heeley, Sheffield S2 4HL.
Telephone: Sheffield 581040
We stock a large selection of S.F. Fantasy paperbacks, American comics. Portfolios, Magazines etc.
Open - Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday 10 am - 5 pm, Saturday - 9 am.
Closed Wednesday. SAE for list.

OGRE BOOKS

128 Picton Road, Weaverham, Liverpool L15
Open Monday - Saturday 10-5.15
Specialists in American comics, SF books and fantasy film mags.
Only 15 minutes from the city centre by buses 4, 60, 76, 78, 79, H6, H7, H9, H12, H13 and H20-24.
Sorry, no mail order.

RODNEYS BOOKS
Comics & Fantasy
33 Longbridge Rd, Barking, Essex.

NOSTALGIA & COMICS

14-16 Smallbrook Queensway, BIRMINGHAM B5 4EN.
Tel: (021) 643 0143.
American and British comics; Rock, SF, Horror and General Film magazines. Current and back issues. Comicstrip, SF, Horror and Television orientated toys, figures, kits, games, vehicles, masks etc. Mail order list is available for a s.a.e. Our large comic shop is open for you to call in: Mon-Fri 10.00-5.00, Saturday 9.30-6.00. We can accept your ACCESS whether you call, write or phone.
"a comic treasure trove"
- Birmingham Post

FORBIDDEN PLANET BOOKSHOP

Comics, S.F. Film and T.V. Fantasy.
SHOP: Mon-Sat 10-6 except Thurs. 10-7
MAIL ORDER SERVICE
Please send S.A.E. for current lists to: 23 Denmark St, LONDON WC2H 8NN.
01-836 4171
COMIC MART
Film material and thousands of comics for sale every 2 months at the Central Hall Westminster, LONDON.
Starts: 12.00. Admission free.
Dates: October 15, December 10, February 4/94.

ODYSSEY 7

1st Floor, Manchester University, Precinct Centre, Junction Oxford Rd., Booth St, Manchester. Tel: 061-277 6666. Our sales area covers 1,000 sq. ft. in stock with the very best in Science Fiction, Fantasy, Film and T.V. books, magazines, comics, posters and role playing games. Send S.A.E. for our catalogue. Open Mon-Sat 9.30-5.30.

Fantasy World

The complete Fantasy Book & Comic Book store
10 Market Square Arcade, Hanley, (Opp. Lewia's) Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs. Tel: 0782-29294
2 floors of comics, science fiction, film fantasy, rock books. Bring Lee magazines and role playing games!
Open Mon-Sat 10.30-5.30 (closed Thursday)
MAIL ORDER SERVICE Please send large s.a.e. for current list.
Not sure of how to get to the shop? Send us a s.a.e. and we'll send you!

COMIC SHOWCASE

17 Monmouth Street, London WC2
01-240 3664
Open six days a week 10am to 6pm.
We are THE SPECIALISTS in old American comics and our vast stock ranges from Golden Age through to the 70s including Marvels, D.C.s, E.C.s, Timelys and many more.
Regular shipments from the USA enable us to offer a wide selection of the non-distributed Marvels. We now offer a full range of advanced REPORT comics from all the major companies. We are always interested in buying collections of old or rare comics in nice condition.

To advertise in Marvel Comics
phone Sally Benson
or Gilly Joseph
on
01-485 4466

We have enlarged our Comic & Fantasy range to 100,000 in stock!! COMICS OF
HORROR FANTASY TV ADVANCE
IMPORTED Comics & Mags.
DC & Marvel Comic collections and LP's
wanted. Contact IAN BROOM on
01-594 2858.
(Look forward to seeing you)

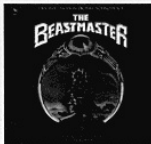
IT'S A MIGHTY MARVEL SUMMER EXPLOSION!



60p

ON SALE NOW!

COLOUR PIN-UP POSTER IN EACH COMIC!



Beastmaster £5.99

Grand, sweeping orchestral score for Don Coscarelli's low-budget sword and sorcery movie with liner notes by the director and the composer. Recommended.



Sword and the Sorcerer £5.49

The score from Albert Pyun's entertaining barbarian adventure film, composed by David Whitaker and performed by the Graunke Symphony Orchestra.



Mad Max 1 £5.99

The music from the first of George Miller's Mad Max movies, composed by Australia's top film composer, Brian May.



Mad Max 2 £5.49

The music and sound effects from the sequel to Mad Max, also composed and conducted by Brian May, Australia's best-known movie music composer.



Videodrome £5.99

The electronic score for the as-yet unreleased David Cronenberg film, composed by Howard Shore.



Creepshow £5.99

The soundtrack music from the George A. Romero/Stephen King anthology film, composed and performed by John Harrison.



Xtro £5.49

An unusual soundtrack score, composed and performed by Harry Davenport, also the director of the film.



Tenebrae £5.49

The excellent score for the latest film from Dario Argento. Not actually Goblin, but close, performed by three ex-members of the original group.



The Secret of NIMH £5.49

A soundtrack classic, from one of the best in the business - Jerry Goldsmith, for one of the best animated features in recent years.



First Blood £5.49

An outstanding score by Oscar-winning composer Jerry Goldsmith, who also wrote the music for The Omen and Poltergeist.



Escape from New York £5.49

Excellent music by John Carpenter from an excellent film (also by John Carpenter). Synthesised film music at its best.



Twilight Zone £5.99

The original music from the classic tv anthology show, featuring the work of Bernard Herrmann, Jerry Goldsmith, Franz Waxman and others.

HOW TO ORDER

Send all cheques and POs (made payable to "THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT PRODUCTIONS LTD" - send no cash!) c/o **Marvel Comics Records Offer, 205-211 Kentish Town Road, London NW5**. Postage: Please add 80p for the first record and 40p for each additional record (3 records = 80p + 40p + 40p) and allow at least 28 days for delivery. Offer applies in the United Kingdom only.

Name
Address
Signature

(If under 16 this space must be countersigned by parent or guardian)

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT RECORDS



The Beastmaster
Sword and the Sorcerer
Mad Max 1
Mad Max 2
Videodrome
Creepshow

☐ **Xtro**
☐ **Tenebrae**
☐ **The Secret of NIMH**
☐ **First Blood**
☐ **Escape from New York**
☐ **Twilight Zone**

☐
☐
☐
☐
☐
☐